Paul Byrom "Battlefield"

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I live on a battlefield
Surrounding by the ruins of a love we built
And them destroyed between us
The smoke has cleared
As I stumble through the rubble
I'm dazed, seeing double
And I'm truly mystified

My new home is a shell-hole filled With tears and muddy water And bits of broken heart All around, there is desolation Scenes of devestation Of a love been torn apart

I live on a battlefield
Though one where not one
Single drop of blood has spilled
Is no less horryfying
Sweet memories
Of a bygone situation
Lie shattered, torn and battered
And scattered all around

My new home is a shell-hole filled With tears and muddy water And bits of broken heart All around, there is desolation Scenes of devestation Of a love been torn apart

Everything that can, has gone wrong It's gonna take spine to carry on Like a drownin' woman coming up for air I'm looking for another survivor I can't see one anywhere

My new home is a shell-hole filled With tears and muddy water And bits of broken heart All around, there is desolation Scenes of devestation
Of a love been torn apart

I live on a battlefield, hey
I live on a battlefield, hey
Can't go on, baby
Tears and muddy water
Scattered all around me, babe
I live on a battlefield
I live on a battlefield

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